

KATHERINE SONIAT

Furnishing the Frog Cosmos

Earth-jam of a mulched garden—foxglove and
roses beneath the statue who trickles water from her jug

to the pond. Frogs on the lily pads couple aloofly, another
threading of eggs among the algae.

And why shouldn't offspring of a given moment be considered
kin, whatever it takes to link lives among the blossoms?

All these squiggly scribbles in water, the young translucent ones
preparing for the planet, for big leaps through the concentric circles

of slime. Not far from here in the woods, the discarded clothes
of childhood are buried—softened shoes, the woolens and denims.

An owl dives for the red-headed woman as she weeds
the small plot. Her fickle mane is something that bird wants,

sweaters clumped underground with the winged mittens.
In a heartbeat, the woman rises, out of synch with the concrete

maiden who pours water endlessly for the frogs. One by one
the stories diminish. Particle light and cracked radiance,

an outgrown body of clothing in the dirt.